

DOCK SOPER ON EXPANSION.

Thay is a sadness thet comes tu me whut fairly makes my aggonie ake ez I look over the doins of things these days.

Thare is drops of dewless moister on the loil fevered brows of myself, Hoar 'n' Bryne 'n' thet loial pateriot, Agglenaldo, when we think of the mis usins we air receivin et the hans of this government.

Them blame Cubians git 3 millyuns of dollars fer thare worm eaten, rusty and freckled patertizm and fer hangin up a lot of ole rusty hatchets, corn nives and brich burnt squerrel rifles.

Agglenaldo, ful of red and rosy patertizm, and encouragin advise frum men of standin like us, a man whut hez abidin fath in the hereafter and who hez proved it by sending hiz frends up to see; a man whut issproutin patertizm whare ever he goze by pruin ideas frum the sholders of Fillerpiners with a stiddy hand; this man that has histed hisself up from among the people an sed unti them: "gacher up yer bois, put large heavy rocks inter the stockins of yure wives and much of em, fill yure pockits with salt fer we air gadin after yanke pork, gird up yure dispepsia tanks in the last noch, fer we go tu soak the Merry caners ful of unhapines and kontrishun and smear ourselves with seven cotes of the varnish of gilded glory. Our Cuban brothering hev diskovered a loop hole in Uukle Sammies wallet fer 3 millyun dolers, wich sech p-tert-zu ez we hev we ken sell it for three times ez much."

But the measley pluterkratiek bord of exekuters fer the Spanage estate are stingie and hev sed ez how they hed all the ole junk thay needed.

This insult hez not only squeezed the sweetness outen the milk of Aggies

humin kindness, but hez refrigerated our warmest feelins.

We are busted from our moorins, we are salin on a see with the rudder lashed to the main mast. The anker of the ships of state is hanging in the wind, our kompis hez got the saint vitters danse and tho me 'n' the rest of us hev halted and air working our pedal extremes like the rear hoofs of a string halted mule, built heavy in front, we can't make no impreshun; we hev egserted our lungs tu thare utmost to prevent our government goin tu everlastin smash upon the rocks of Ceazerism ahed; we hev wallered in the dust before the thrown of war; we have pleded with you with onionated eyes, but yer hev pinte the finger of scorn into our fases that wuz irrigated with tears and sed: "Go to; him whut shal smut even one thread of our garments shal be loded down in the vitals with pig iron and be cross-examined by St. Peter before the rewster calls unti hiz henstugit up an git brekfast.

Grate bedes, yea, even diamond necklaces of swet hav sloshed down our pledin fases and splashed inter the dust til our lete was wet threw, but this krueel, krueel anser hez dried us up like a pneumatic spring wind of Arizona; we refuse to swet another swot.

We tried to git 16 to 1, but yer give us 1 ter 16—we hed the 1 er cood hev borrowed it, thus if we hed been givn 16 to 1, we woud hev been fifteen ahed, but you turnt yure sholders to us til we cood see where yure galluses crossed; when the offeses wuz past round we wuz settin in the front sete lookin modest like et the floor, an gradjule a a liftin our proud hat holder til the last measly gift wuz passeled out when the elastic in our throax snapped and like a turtle we wandered out again inter the chillie blasts among our other blasted hopes, 'n' elbowed our way threw them all the way home.

Go it! Expanshun til yu bust! But when yu git nassuated like unti the whale did with Joner, yu kin hang round my plase and pull the door bell nt by the roots, but I'll be a slepe.

DOCK SOPER.